



# The Walking Dead TV Show

V2.0

By mostlyskeptical

Hello there you unlucky son of a bitch, welcome to the world of the damned. The people around you will go to great lengths not to call them that but this world is full of zombies and people you wish were zombies. That's right you find yourself in the dystopian world of The Walking Dead TV Show. I hope you packed some fresh underpants because you're going to need them.

Better take this. Don't want you dying too soon on me.

**+1000 CP**

# Timeframe

## **-100 CP: The Calm Before The Shit Storm (August 25th, 2009)**

Your journey begins on a sweltering August day, one full year before the events of the show. The world is still blissfully, ignorantly whole. The news cycles are filled with politics and celebrity gossip, with no mention of the fever ravaging overseas. You know what's coming. The outbreak is an inevitability, a tidal wave on the horizon. You cannot stop it. You cannot even slow it. Use this time to prepare, to fortify, to gather your wits and your supplies. But remember: trying to play the hero and warn everyone will only get you locked up as a lunatic. Your only job is to survive the coming storm.

## **-50 CP: I Shot the Sheriff (August 25th, 2010)**

You arrive a few hours before a small-town sheriff deputy's life is irrevocably altered, though that drama is none of your concern. If you know where to look—dark corners of the internet, obscure foreign news sites—there are whispers. Bizarre reports of the dead twitching in morgues, of riots over a new flu, of entire villages going silent. It's easy to dismiss it as fringe nonsense, the usual conspiracy theories. But you know better. The clock is ticking now, measured in days, not years. The last gasps of normalcy are already fading from the air.

## **Free: Day Zero (October 23rd, 2010)**

Your entry into this world is marked by a gasp for air in an abandoned hospital. You begin at the exact moment Rick Grimes wakes from his coma into a world of silence and walking death. The old world is already a ghost. The rules have been written in blood, and the learning curve is lethally sharp. There are no more warnings, no more preparations. Your survival begins now, in the thick of it. Good luck.

## **+100 CP: The Long Road (One Year+ After Outbreak)**

You don't witness the fall. You arrive long after the corpses have finished piling up. The world is now a graveyard picked over by scavengers. By this point, the easy pickings are gone. Every convenience store is stripped bare, every pharmacy cleaned out, every gas tank siphoned dry. Survivors are fewer, more desperate, and far more dangerous than any walker. Every can of food, every





Given this was all a TV show at one point most of the main cast was relatively good looking. You too join their ranks and are now a solid 8 on a scale of 1 to 10. You can freely choose your appearance up to that level. Is mutually exclusive with the 'Hit with the Ugly Stick' drawback.

### **50 CP: Cleanliness is Godliness**

Let's be honest. In a world where the closest thing to a spa day is avoiding rot, personal hygiene is a losing battle. But you? You've opted out of that particular misery. While others reek of despair and decay, you are perpetually, infuriatingly pristine. It's as if you've just enjoyed a steamy shower with water that doesn't even exist anymore. Dirt, grime, blood spatter—it all finds you terribly uninteresting. It simply slides away, leaving no trace, no stain, and certainly no foul odor. You smell of nothing but... possibility.

And it would be so gauche if such a divine gift didn't extend to your wardrobe, wouldn't it? Consider your attire under a permanent, unbreakable vow of cleanliness. Trudge through a swamp; your boots will remain unscuffed. Wade through a gore-soaked battle; the viscera will treat your jacket like a non-stick surface. You are a walking affront to the apocalypse itself, a perfectly presented monument to order in a world that has completely forgotten its name.

### **100 CP: Immunity Clause**

The world is rotten with disease, and a single bite is a death sentence. For you, that is no longer a concern. You are granted complete and total immunity to every pathogen, virus, and bacterium. A walker's gnashing teeth, a feral dog's snap, a survivor's infected wound, or even the common flu—none of it can touch you. This absolute safeguard ensures you won't be lost to something so trivial as a scratch or a sniffle.

### **200CP: Green Thumb**

You possess an innate and supernatural talent for cultivation. Your knowledge of gardening, agriculture, and botany is encyclopedic, allowing you to make even the most stubborn and depleted soil yield a bountiful harvest. Under your care, plants grow faster, stronger, and are far more resilient to blight and harsh weather.



You always seem to find a way to make yourself seem essential to a group/organization. This can be despite the fact that you contribute nothing to said group but the more effort you put forth the more this affects your companions. Don't be a leech.

#### **400 CP: Three Questions**

Once each week, you may designate three specific questions. For the duration of that week, any sentient being who hears one of these questions and is capable of understanding it must answer it as truthfully and completely as they are able.

This compulsion does not grant knowledge—it only compels honesty. A being with no knowledge of the answer will say so, and a being that understands the question differently than intended will answer according to their own interpretation. The power lies in the absolute truth of the reply, but the usefulness of that truth depends entirely on the simplicity and clarity of the questions you choose.

#### **600 CP: Efficiency is King**

You possess a supernatural talent for the conservation of resources, bending the laws of physics and biology to your will. You can make a single tank of gas last for a cross-country road trip, and a single day's ration of food and water can sustain you—and even keep you in peak condition—for a week. This effect extends to any person who considers themselves a loyal member of your group, and to any vehicle you are personally operating.

**Capstone Boosted:** Huh what are you a robot or something? Your connection to efficiency transcends mere conservation. You have completely eliminated the need for sustenance; you no longer require food, water, or sleep to function. Furthermore, any vehicle you drive is now a perpetual motion machine; its fuel tank, battery, or power source will never be depleted, no matter the distance traveled or the load carried.

## Schmuck in Charge

#### **100 CP: Silver Tongue**



**Capstone Boosted:** Scratch that last part. The gloves are off. Your word is now law. These people wouldn't just follow you to hell; they'd storm the gates on your command. Their loyalty is absolute and fanatical. If they consider themselves part of your group, they will execute any order you give without hesitation or doubt, no matter how immoral or suicidal. The only way they're leaving your side is if you tell them to scram.

## Best Friend

### **100 CP: Fortune favors the bold.**

Let's be clear—this isn't plot armor. It's just a nudge. But when you take a risk, especially if it screws someone else over, the dice tend to land in your favor a little more often than they should. That desperate gamble? Slightly better odds. That shady deal? Probably works out for you.

It also gives you a touch of luck when it comes to your own messy history. Incriminating evidence gets misfiled, potential blackmailers have unfortunate accidents, and questions about your past tend to get redirected. Your skeletons are staying in the closet, where they belong.

### **200 CP: Backstabbing pays**

You've learned the oldest lesson there is: nice guys finish last, and suckers get what's coming to them. Whenever you pull a truly underhanded move—especially against someone who trusts you—the universe itself seems to reward your lack of scruples.

Betray a close ally during a vital moment? Not only do you get their share, but the spoils mysteriously multiply. Leave a former partner to die in a walker horde? You'll find their stash later, now inexplicably larger and full of extra supplies. The more personal the betrayal, the bigger the payoff. It doesn't create something from nothing—it just ensures that treachery, not loyalty, is the most profitable path. Just remember—what goes around comes around. Usually.

### **400 CP: You won't like me when I'm ANGRY**



### **200 CP: Marksman's Calculus**

Whether it's a bow, a crossbow, a tomahawk, or a simple hunting knife, your aim with any human-powered weapon is nothing short of uncanny. Arrows and thrown weapons fly truer in your hands than they have any right to, bending just enough with the wind or distance to find their mark. You can reliably hit moving targets at ranges most people wouldn't even attempt, and your shots strike with brutal efficiency—picking weak points, slipping through gaps in armor, or disabling prey with surgical precision. Even in poor conditions like low light or heavy wind with improvised gear, your preternatural skill ensures every shot counts.

### **400 CP: Hunter's Instinct**

The wild has taught you things no school ever could. You've developed a sixth sense for prey and quarry alike, an almost supernatural awareness of where your target is and how they'll move. Whether you're stalking a deer through thick brush, chasing down a raider through ruined streets, or watching for an ambush, you always seem to know the right direction to go and when to act. Distance, obstacles, or darkness don't matter—you can pick up the faintest trail and pursue it unerringly until your target is caught. Even without tracks, sound, or scent, you feel an uncanny pull toward your quarry, as though the hunt itself guides you.

### **600CP: The Invisible Hunter**

You move with an almost supernatural silence. Your footsteps are whispers, and you instinctively find the solid ground where no branch will snap. While you don't truly vanish, you master the art of not being seen—melting into dappled shadows, holding perfectly still behind sparse cover, and using the slightest distractions to your advantage. A wary guard might feel a prickling on their neck, but their searching gaze will often slide over your position. You can shadow a target for miles, but it requires constant focus and favorable conditions. When you finally strike, your attack seems to come from the silence itself, a sudden and brutal end to the hunt.

**Capstone Boosted:** So you took that other perk, huh? The one that makes you a try-hard hero? Fine. It breaks this already ridiculous skill over its knee. Now, if you don't want to be found, you simply won't be. Period. It's less stealth and

more a localized reality edit. Actively searching for you is a waste of time; you are a void in perception, a non-person until you decide otherwise. This absolute effect only shatters the moment you choose to break silence or attack someone. Until then, you are a ghost with a pulse.

# Psychopath

## **100 CP: Gamers Mind**

Like a certain overpowered protagonist you have the ability to shut your emotions off at will. Just consciously think to do so and you can start your very own journey down murder hobo highway.

## **200 CP: Intimidation**

You have a way of getting your point across. Your victims, I mean friends, will be exactly as intimidated as you want them to be. Be warned though if you don't back up your threats occasionally this will lose effectiveness.

## **400 CP: Crack Shot**

Your nefarious ways have resulted in a way with guns that would make Buster Scruggs envious. Your shots never miss and you find yourself in a trance when shooting that lets you block out everything but what you need to fight. You also can repair/maintain any weapon as though you have done so hundreds of times.

## **600 CP: Block out the pain**

You possess a formidable defensive ability. Once per day, you can activate an absolute immunity to all forms of damage for a period of five minutes. During this time, no force can harm you; even the direct detonation of a nuclear weapon would leave you unscathed, though its lingering effects like radiation would become a threat the moment the immunity ends. Furthermore, you have perfect conscious control over your pain receptors, allowing you to shut off the sensation of pain entirely at will.

**Capstone Boosted:** This power is dramatically enhanced. The invulnerability can now be invoked once every hour instead of once per day. You also become completely immune to every disease and illness without exception. For the



**Capstone Boosted:** Congratulations, you've officially perfected the worst alchemy ever. You can now turn piss into premium gasoline and shit into modern, high-grade gunpowder and primers. The process is a mystery that violates several laws of physics and decency. Don't ask how it works. I don't know, and frankly, I'm afraid of the answer.

## Items:

Same as with perks, origin items are discounted and 100 CP for origins are free.

### Undiscounted

#### **50 CP: The Best Superpower**

You are loaded. You have a choice. If you start early enough to spend it, you begin with \$100,000 in cash.

If you arrive after the outbreak, it's instead \$50,000 worth of anything you could have bought pre-outbreak as a civilian. This gear is already loaded into a fully fueled SUV or other passenger vehicle of your choice.

A final warning: This vehicle and everything in it gets no special protection. Once it's gone, it's gone.

#### **100cp: Wheels**

A set of wheels is finally yours you broke bastard. This perk provides you with a durable, non-combat vehicle from 2010 or before—be it a classic car, a rugged truck, or even a military surplus vehicle like a Humvee. You'll never need to worry about gas or upkeep; every morning, it's restored to perfect condition with a full tank. No matter where you leave it or what happens to it, you can always find it waiting for you at dawn on the nearest road, ready to go.

#### **100 CP: Box of Plenty**

Once a month you will have an air dropped supply chest arrive by parachute within eyesight. This 12" x 12" x 36" crate is filled with anything that you could have gotten as a civilian before the outbreak. Just fill out a note of what you want in the next month's shipment and leave it in the crate.





# Best Friend

## **100 CP: The World That Was**

You possess a large, laminated map of the region, a relic from a lost era. Its cheerful, corporate logos and clean lines mark the locations of superstores, distribution centers, and pharmacies, promising a bounty of supplies. The downside is it shows where the good stuff was, not what dangerous squatters or empty shelves are there now.

## **200 CP: Small Arms**

You can choose any gun that could be classified as small arms. Examples include most Assault Rifles and shotguns as well as hunting rifles. Said weapon will be repaired and its ammo replenished at every sunrise.

## **400 CP: What's this here then**

You can once a week produce a piece of evidence that can be used to frame or blackmail someone. Has no fiat backing so if the person is incorruptible or has conviction it would be useless but any weak willed individuals will usually fold like a house of cards.

## **Redneck Savant**

### **100 CP: Daryl's Crossbow**

You get a crossbow that is as powerful as the one wielding it can pull back. It will replenish bolts as you draw back the string. If lost or destroyed it will appear next to you at sunrise completely restored.

### **200 CP: Bug-Out Bag**

A rugged hiking backpack packed with everything a survivor could need. It contains a comprehensive selection of survival gear, including a week's worth of MREs and bottled water, a compact water filter, a fully stocked first aid kit, spare clothing, batteries, a flashlight, a lighter, fishing line and hooks, and a multitool. An ammo tin is included, which along with the food, water, filter, and basic medical supplies, refills itself once per week. The ammo that reappears is determined by whatever cartridge you last left in the tin, defaulting to one

hundred rounds of 9mm if the tin is empty. No matter how heavily it is loaded, the pack always feels comfortably light on your shoulders. Should it ever be lost or destroyed, it will simply reappear beside you at the next sunrise.

#### **400 CP: Whispers Mask**

This unnerving mask, crafted from the skin of the dead, does more than hide your face—it renders you a non-entity to the walkers. While wearing it, you are utterly and completely invisible to their senses. You can sprint through the heart of a herd, shout at the top of your lungs, or dance a jig; the dead will not so much as twitch in your direction. Their clouded eyes slide over you without recognition, their heads do not turn at the sound of your footsteps, and their nostrils will not flare at your living scent. You are a ghost to them.

This perfect shroud has only two limitations: the discharge of a firearm or a direct act of violence against a walker. The moment you attack one or fire a gun, the illusion shatters completely, and you become prey once more.

If lost or destroyed it will appear next to you at the next sunrise.

## Psychopath

#### **100 CP: Lucille**

She was once a perfectly ordinary baseball bat that was lovingly wrapped in barbed wire, yet she is anything but ordinary now. This brutal melee weapon is utterly indestructible and carries a grim guarantee: a single, solid swing to the head is enough to kill anything, although some tough SOBs take two. If lost or stolen, she appears next to you at sunrise.

#### **200 CP: Badass Eyepatch**

Alright, check this out. You think it's just a piece of leather? Think again. Hit this button—boom, you're seeing thermal. Hit this one—now you've got a live feed of your own back. Weird, right? And the best part? Everyone who looks at you just knows you left that eye in a bar fight somewhere, no questions asked. Either way, if you manage to lose the thing, don't sweat it. It'll be waiting for you when the sun comes up.



### **100 CP - The "No-Knock" RV**

You get a weathered but mechanically sound RV. It's got that classic "lived-in" smell, which is marginally better than the smell of a walker. Every sunrise, its gas tank and freshwater tank refill themselves. If it gets totaled or stolen by some asshole, it'll respawn parked on the nearest drivable road by the next morning.

### **200 CP: Super Tool Bag**

Tired of your 10mm socket going missing at the worst possible time? Annoyed by a project grinding to a halt because you can't find the right screwdriver? The Super Tool Bag is your ultimate fix! Just reach into this unassuming bag and think of the mundane tool you need. A socket set? A pair of needle-nose pliers? A perfectly sized pry bar? An impact drill? It's in your hand in a heartbeat. The only rule is it has to fit in the bag. Remember, these are loaner tools—they'll vanish at sunrise, so don't get too attached. And don't worry about losing the bag itself; it's always back by morning.

### **400 CP: The Cure**

Is this what I think it is? Yes this is the cure for what ails this dystopian hellscape. Of course it does nothing for those already turned (they braindead you see) but it will cure anyone bitten if you can inject them before they turn. Also functions as a vaccine but only lasts for 30 days before needing a booster. Refills daily.

## **Companions**

### **50 CP: Import**

Your standard import companion option. For 200 CP you can import up to 8. They get 600 CP to spend and can pick an origin.

### **100 CP: Create a buddy**

They get 1000 CP to spend however you/they want and get to pick an origin. Design them however you want physically/personality/etc. Go nuts you filthy animal.

### **Free: Canon Character**

Convince a canon character to join you on your fucked up galvanting across the multiverse. They don't get any points but can pick an origin and get its freebies.

## **End Game Scenario: Kingdom Maker**

The ultimate test of a Jumper is not merely to survive, but to build something that endures. This scenario is achieved after you have spent a minimum of ten years within this jump and have established yourself as the undisputed leader of a thriving, organized community with a permanent population of at least one hundred souls.

This is not merely a collection of survivors huddled behind fences. To qualify, your community must be a true bastion of civilization. It must possess defined leadership, a functional economy (be it through barter, rationing, or currency), sustainable food and water production, security protocols, and a sense of collective identity and law. You must be the heart of this endeavor—its founder, its uniting ruler, or the visionary who guided it through its darkest hour to stability.

Upon successfully maintaining this community for one full year at this benchmark, you achieve victory in this endgame. The reward is profound: the community itself, its land, its infrastructure, and every named citizen within it become a part of your legacy. You gain the ability to import this entire settlement into any future jump you undertake.

This importation is seamless. In a medieval fantasy world, your concrete walls might transform into mighty stone battlements; your generators and solar panels become enchanted forges and light-giving crystals, their function preserved though their form adapts to the new setting. Your citizens retain their skills, memories, and loyalty to you, their origins explained as a lost colony or a transported kingdom, seamlessly integrated into the new world's reality.

This is the final, lasting triumph over the apocalypse: you did not just outlast the dead, you resurrected the living. And now, the kingdom you forged in fire will walk beside you through the multiverse.

# Drawbacks

Can only take up to 1500 CP of drawbacks unless you take the Whole Enchilada.

## **0 CP: This is not where I parked my car**

Don't want to go with the devil down to Georgia (The Walking Dead world)? Pick any zombie apocalypse world and substitute the setting of this jump for it.

## **100 CP: Extended Suffering**

Oh, you're enjoying the smell of rotting viscera and the constant, gnawing fear? Don't worry, we've got a time-share! Extend your "vacation" in this hellscape by a decade. You can do this multiple times, because we hate you, but you'll only get points for the first helping of despair.

## **100 CP: Hit with the ugly stick**

You simply have no alibi, you ugly. Like not in the deformed or disfigured way, that would make you unique, no just in the horribly normal ugly way. People will have a hard time even looking at you and forget getting any because that ain't happening unless you are as smooth as Bill Clinton.

## **100 CP: Directionally Challenged**

You could get lost in a grocery store. You have a tendency to forget directions especially if it has been more than a few days since you have been there.

## **100 CP: Tin Ear**

You couldn't hear a walker groaning right behind you if it was chewing on a bag of chips. Your hearing is profoundly bad, making it difficult to pick up on subtle sounds, whispered conversations, or distant threats. You'll constantly be asking people to repeat themselves and will be completely oblivious to any audio cues that could signal danger, like the tell-tale moan of an approaching horde or the creak of a floorboard behind you. This makes keeping watch a laughable concept and sneaking through infested areas a guaranteed disaster.

## **100 CP: Glass Jaw**

You have a conspicuously low pain tolerance and are ridiculously easy to knock out. A light shove could send you stumbling into a wall, and a solid punch from an average person would be enough to leave you seeing stars and hitting the







